☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

## TWILIGHT.

In Summer even, when the day is done,
And crimson curtains obscure the sun,
The many voices of night begin,
With notes discordant and tremulous din:
But through them faintly the quick ear hears
A strain of music from former years.

My guardian spirit, on noiseless wings,
Comes to my chamber and sweetly sings.
He sings of feelings that long have gone,
Of love and fondness at manhood's dawn;
The words repeating that once I said
When she was living who now is dead.

From years long faded, through woe and wrack,
The time long-buried comes sudden back,
When all was colored with rosy hue—
Each man trustworthy, each woman true;
When Hope was urging her witching schemes,
The days romances, the nights sweet dreams.

I hear the breezes from coppiced hills;
I hear the murmurs of pebbled rills;
I hear the rustling of birchen trees;
I hear the droning of wandering bees;
I hear the sighing of fir and pine;
I hear the lowing of plodding kine.

My lost, sweet Alice, the young and fair,
Once more is standing beside my chair.
I feel her fingers my temples press—
A soft, low whisper, a fond caress.
I turn to clasp her, as once before—
Ah! white-haired dreamer! No more! no more!

For now the twilight away has passed,
And deeper darkness is gathering fast.
The sounds that thrilled me are heard no more,
And barren silence falls down and o'er.
My guardian spirit no longer sings;
His harp has broken its silver strings.

—*Thomas Dunn English, in N. Y. Independent.*

## CALLING ON THE NEW MINISTER.

My husband and I tried to excuse our conduct by saying it was the length of the drive and depth of the mud that had prevented our calling on Rev. Mr. Mayberry before. At the end of three months that excuse seemed futile, and our long-continued neglect of the Haytown minister most reprehensible. At length came to my ears stories that were being circulated in Haytown about the worldliness and lack of earnestness of the young minister in Straw Center, and that Mr. Mayberry was feeling keenly the refusal of his brother laborer in the next parish to reach out a welcoming hand. Just why I insisted on driving over to Haytown on that especially hot day I concealed from my husband, for I knew that he would be most wretched were I to tell him of the short-comings that were imputed to him. He complained that the roads were as much too dry as they had been too wet, that the afternoon sun was scorching, and that we should lose our third meal. I heard none of these excuses, but sent him to get the required conveyance while I dressed myself for the drive.

We owned no *team*, as a horse and carriage is called in Straw Center, but, fortunately, in our parish was a stable-keeper, who, though absenting himself regularly from all services, was most zealous in letting to his minister any form of vehicle or quality of horse at the shortest notice.

The thought of my husband's worldliness troubled me. I meant Haytown should at once see its error. That my husband was young I could not deny, but that he failed in any other essential than age I would never admit. I wanted to make myself look as sedate and elderly as possible for the visit, but the heat of the day made my choice in my limited wardrobe very small. The only thing at all available was a somewhat youthful pink gown, which I had foolishly possessed myself of before I ever dreamed I should be a minister's wife. If I was obliged to wear anything so inappropriately gay, I trusted everything to an elderly black bonnet and a sober shawl my mother-in-law had recently sent me. My appearance was far more satisfactory as regarded dignity and sedateness, but the vehicle which Charles at that moment drove up to our door was atrocious. He must have neglected to state the nature of our errand to the stable-keeper, for such a horse and such a vulgarly-painted buggy would have been seemly only on a race-course, or to peddle patent soaps. But to pay a ministerial call on a perfect stranger!

Charles had told me repeatedly that all the stable horses were perfect cows as regarded docility and speed. So I did not venture making myself laughed at by suggesting that there was an expression in the horse's face that did not inspire my entire confidence, and a restiveness in the hind feet that did not suggest the gentle cow. But I mounted into the high box-like structure. Had I dreamed what effect the height, unmitigated by any kind of cover, and the huge red wheels, would have had on me, I never would have set foot in the thing. I felt that Haytown, seeing Rev. Charles Mason and his wife seated in such a vulgar, undignified vehicle, would be justified in making almost any remarks about worldliness. No; better that we erred a day longer in not calling on the new minister than that we appear before his and our own parishioners in such a guise.

My husband had just confided to me his intention of looking at the thermometer, and glancing again at the county map to be sure of the Haytown road. "And changing that velveteen jacket," I added, seeing the undignified garb he had forgotten to put off before going to the stable.

But the horse or cow, as might be, objected to standing longer looking at the uninteresting facade our house presented, and forgetting that the driver was a necessary adjunct, started at a rapid pace down the street.

"Oh, you forgot my shawl on the steps there," I said, perhaps a little unfeelingly, to my husband, who had just succeeded in climbing into the carriage by a difficult way over the back, "and that coat is too dreadful!" I regretted the day I made it.

"It's not quite the thing, but we can't go back. You won't need a shawl to-day, and, with due respect to my mother, it is not beautiful, and can be forgiven solely on account of its warmth."

Little Charles knew how I had counted on the ugliness of that shawl, and how glad I had felt that I owned a sober article!

I tried to be resigned. Soon that disappointment was lost sight of, for the horse was showing unmistakable signs of running away. "Is this the horse you generally drive?"—I meant to be calm, though we were tearing down the street at break-neck speed, barely escaping a perambulator in which reposed the only son and heir of the Methodist minister, and grazing the carry-all driven by our Sunday-school superintendent.

"No, nev--er. The oth—ers—were—whoa! — were — much slow — er. Whoa! By a series of jerks Charles was trying to stop the horse, to apologize to Miss Simpson, who had beckoned to us to stop.

Voice and strength were of no avail, and on we dashed, passing carriages filled with our parishioners, who saw, astonished, the reckless speed of their minister, and the clouds of dust he left behind. I felt that I must ask to get out, for I had consented to the drive believing the horse would prove as languid as Charles had found all of those in Mr. Johnson's stable. As I saw the rapidity of our flight by the frequency of the fence posts, I shut my eyes, but opened them quickly when the horse began a tatoo with his heels on the dasher. After that was demolished Charles's knees would suffer, and had an opportunity been given me then to get out I could not have gone. Everything my eyes rested on but increased my horror. Charles looked nearly exhausted. The horse seemed to have dismissed all compassion, and to have determined to destroy us at his earliest convenience. The fast-turning red wheels looked like coils of flame, and the stifling dust made breathing difficult.

Just then we went over a rough bridge, and the violence of our motion loosened my bonnet, which the breeze flew far behind us. A shower of hair-pins fell into my lap, followed by abundant hair. I wound it closely about me, fearing it might annoy Charles or be caught in the whizzing wheels, it was so long.

Faster and faster we went, but fortunately there was a clear road before us. I almost went over the dasher—Charles had to brace himself with all his might—when the horse abandoned his wild run and walked deliberately into a pool of water at the road-side, where horses were in the habit of drinking. Anything more delicious than that stop! The horse drank long, and seemed to enjoy the draught, but his pleasure was as nothing when compared to the happiness of the two breathless people who had been driving behind him. We told each other our thoughts and emotions, and were properly serious and grateful for our preservation.

"Levity seems out of place after such peril, but truly, dear, you do present rather a funny appearance." My husband looked more cheerful than at any time during the drive.

"Anything wrong excepting my hair?" I asked, sadly.

"Rather; your bonnet is missing; your gay gown is very dusty, and—Pardon me, but really you do not look like my idea of a minister's wife. But, perhaps, when you—"

"Oh, Charles! I am so sorry, for I wanted to look very old and very serious. I had a particular reason." I looked in the pool in which the carriage was standing, and saw just what a failure I had made, for plainly, as in a mirror, I saw myself, and fantastic enough I looked in my pink gown and disordered yellow hair. "Oh dear, I'm sorry we ever started!"

"But you must be glad of one thing—that the horse felt thirsty and stopped." Charles took advantage of the rest to dust himself, put on his gloves, and make his companion look as respectable as he could, with a handkerchief for her only bonnet. "What do you say, now, to going on and stopping just before we reach the parsonage to arrange your hair?"

"Perhaps, if we can go more slowly, dear."

"I shall be satisfied with a less rapid pace. Now, Beacon—for so I believe you are inappropriately called—slowly is the word." Charles picked up the reins gingerly. The horse turned and looked full in our faces, as much as to say: Is it possible you two are not satisfied yet? I felt that it was tempting fate to ask him to move until he made the suggestion. The only drawback to the enjoyment of the next two hours' drive through the pine woods, with the waving ferns and bright lady-slippers, and the odor of the linnæa, was that the horse seemed exhausted. I never exclaimed of the stillness and beauty of our surroundings that he did not breathe heavily, as though to chide me for my forgetfulness of his weariness. I hesitated to speak, so well he seemed to understand my speech, and by his behavior to show his comprehension. When we reached the sign-board: One Mile to Haytown, I pointed it out to Charles joyfully. In spite of my determination, though, the horse saw it. He walked in his most sedate manner just one mile, and when we were in Haytown and observed by all Mr. Mayberry's congregation, he resumed his original rate of speed. Again returned our uneasiness and mortification. My hair again blew streaming behind me. The sound of our flying brought every one to the windows, and people in the streets looked disapprovingly after us, as though we had adopted such speed from choice and not from necessity.

"How shall we know the house?" I asked, after we had dashed through a series of well-settled streets.

"Look out for my hat!" my husband answered, irrelevantly, and I caught it just before it fell under the wheel.

A larger group of people than any we had ever seen was standing before what looked like a hotel. All eyes were turned in our direction as we emerged from the cloud of dust far down the road. The horse was going faster than his fastest up to that time, and we seemed in a fair way to be out of the sound of the merriment our appearance caused, when again the horse astonished us by turning into the hotel yard, and stopping stock-still, his nose sunk in the stone watering-trough. Evidently that horse had made it a rule of his life never to pass by a chance to get a drink. His eyes were keener than ours, and both our breathing spaces would have been lost had it depended on us to spy out the drinking fountains. It was wonderful, too, what power water-drinking gave that beast! The second stop was not so delicious as the stop where the alder-bushes were our only observers. To make one's toilette and dust one's husband's face and clothes within the sight of a dozen loungers was not pleasant. Had they been content to watch us silently it would have been bad enough, but they evidently were much amused by our sudden appearance, and made audible jokes at our expense. One old man looked up from his whittling to remark that we had been in considerable of a hurry, and to ask if we had not all the time there was going.

"Ain't I seen that hoss on the track somewheres?" a horse-jockey asked, eying our steaming beast approvingly.

"I am happy to say I do not own this animal. I am driving him for the first time," my husband answered, with a show of dignity.

Then arose in the crowd a lively discussion as to whether some peculiarity in the horse was or was not a quarter crack, and my husband was appealed to by one side and the other. He had never owned a cent in any horse, and knew absolutely nothing of horse lore. He told them this, and then, with much dignity, inquired the shortest way to the parsonage.

"Ha! I thought as much. There, can't I tell 'em for as I can see?" The speaker looked very knowing, and a general titter followed his remark.

"Of course every one could tell with half an eye he wanted the parson, especially as he's just owned up so honest like. Come, some one, for mercy's sake, tell the young feller how he can git there." The whittling old man tried to quiet the loud hilarity.

"Young feller," indeed! That was on account of the vulgar-looking vehicle Mr. Johnson had let to his amiable minister. My husband had to ask again, with greater dignity, the direction of Mr. Mayberry's house before any one would answer.

Our animal resembled the so-called steam-horse in two ways—he could not attain any rate of speed without watering up, and once his steam was up there was no stopping him. At least a clergyman could have as easily brought a locomotive to a standstill as the horse Deacon. As we whirled away from the hotel steps every one shouted after us, exciting the horse to yet greater speed: "Couple of runaways!" "No cake, no cards!" "Going to git hitched by the parson!" "We'll all come—no ceremony!" A small boy on a gate took up the cries, and proclaimed us as the "runaways trying to git married," and as such we were observed as we dashed through the elm-shaded street.

I was indignant. "Charles Mason, what a ridiculous situation! They think you are running away with me."

"Should think they might see at a glance the horse is the guilty one," Charles found breath to answer.

"That Mr. Johnson ought to be ashamed of himself. If he only went to church you ought to preach to him about the sin he has committed in sending such a horse."

"They're a coming! Hi! there they go!" cried a small boy, waving his hat from the road-side.

"Charles, dear Charles, that's the house, where all those women are going in the door. Stop here, oh, do stop, for my hair—" I know he tried to comply with my entreaty, but the horse saw no cooling spring in sight, and kept up his speed round a short corner, our carriage touching but two wheels, on a long, shady lane; and when I saw destruction ahead of us in the shape of a large stable wall, the horse came to stop. Charles jumped out and seized the animal's head. "You run and see if he's at home."

I had hoped for a few minutes when I could coil up my hair and dust myself before meeting the clergyman, but just then the horse began kicking again and showing signs of much impatience, and I ran for help as fast as I could. I pulled the door-bell, but then walked in without waiting.

"Is the minister at home?" I gasped, looking distractedly about the room filled with women for some one to send out to Charles. "Can't some one speak to him? I want him immediately—immediately!"

"Oh, he knows you're coming, and he's gone to get ready," a woman answered, calmly, as if to quiet my impatience.

"Oh, dear, dear, can't some one tell him we are here, and want his help at once? Won't you go and tell him to come at once?" I turned to the woman who had spoken before. My voice was shrill and my appearance theatrical, but my anguish was genuine.

"I'd rather not. We are all strangers. We just come in a minute ago, hearing as how you were coming to—see the minister. He's putting on his best clothes, I guess." The woman looked really sorry for me, and the line of spectators opened their mouths wider as my distress increased. The door opened softly behind me. I thought no more of my peculiar garb or of Mr. Mayberry's impression; I thought only of the kicking demon I had left Charles alone with.

"Oh, please—*please*, Mr. Mayberry, I want your assistance at once. I don't know that you are in the habit of doing anything of the kind, but—" Just then I saw whom I was addressing, and the unusual dignity and age of the new minister made me stammer and hesitate, realizing the awkwardness of my situation.

"Yes, I understood you wanted my aid to-day. It's of course a very serious state you are thinking of entering, but we will talk a little. Sit down until your companion comes to join us." He spoke kindly, and courteously placed a chair for me. The women one and all looked glad they had come, and as though my behavior was as entertaining as anything they had ever seen.

"Oh, no, no, I can't sit down till he comes in. Won't you please excuse me for asking, but can't you help him? I have left him all alone with a horse." I beckoned from the window to Charles that some one was going to help him.

Mr. Mayberry rose deliberately. "I really know nothing of horses myself, but I will see what can be done. Is he—is your companion not used to horses?" He was slowly putting on his hat, and I saw he looked regretfully at his spotless black broadcloth, and that he would have preferred to keep far away from the brute.

"Used to horses—Charles! Oh, no! he has always driven cows before. Oh, thank you, thank you for going!"

Just as soon as Mr. Mayberry started I felt that my responsibility was ended. I was just about to sit down in a vacant chair in a corner when one of the ladies came toward me. "Oh, no: that is not the place. They always stand in that part of the room, just facing the looking-glass." I wondered if the person were demented, but as I caught a look at myself, concluded it would not be prudent for me in my predicament to quest on the sanity of any one else. I wondered if Haytown people were in the habit of filling their minister's parlor whenever a visitor was expected, and was glad such a custom did not prevail in Straw Center.

"Do you prefer the Episcopal service?" a very meek-looking woman asked. I gave up trying to twist my hair into shape, I was so astonished at the question. It looked as though I was to be subjected to a council and interrogated on my religious belief.

"I don't know. My husband knows my opinions, and I do not care to discuss such things."

"Your husband! You mean the gentleman you're riding with," my questioner suggested.

"My husband, and also the gentleman I have been driving with," I said, sternly. Such a look of astonishment as my remark caused. Many began whispering together, and the question that some one asked explained the whole situation to me.

"Why, we thought there was to be a wedding, and we came to attend. We heard you was coming, and had a veil in your buggy to wear." I made no apology, and urged no one to remain, when I saw one by one prepare to leave the house. At another time I might have felt inclined to laugh, but then the whole thing seemed a cruel combination of circumstances to make me appear ridiculous. I sat alone in the parsonage parlor for some time; my saddest thought was the one that would keep recurring to me, that Charles had made the mistake of his life when he took for his wife a woman who was always having adventures. This, though, was the most trying of all my adventures, and when I especially wanted to be thought such a demure, serious minister's wife. What would not Haytown people say the next day when they learned that the runaway pair in the box buggy, was no other than Rev. Mr and Mrs. Mason, driving over from Straw Center to make a ministerial call on Rev. Mr. Mayberry? I felt that our days with our present parish were numbered, and I was in the depth of gloom. A shadow passed the window, and my husband came in, arm and arm with Mr. Mayberry, both looking friendly and cheerful.

"Fanny, my dear, I want to introduce you to Mr. Mayberry, for notwithstanding the fact that we have made him get ready for a wedding when we had no need of such a service, as it was well done a year ago, he now wants us to take an early tea and drive back in the evening."

"Not with that horse?" I asked, a little uncivilly, taking no notice of our invitation or our host until that fear was set at ease.

"No, indeed, Mrs. Mason. Now I insist on your remaining and drinking a cup of tea, and perhaps you would be glad to make a little preparation first."

How delicately Mr Mayberry suggested that I was far from being in the proper order to sit down at his table!—*Rachael Danforth, in Harper's Bazar.*

## A Cathedral City.

To the casual visitor Milan is simply a cathedral, with an ordinary humdrum manufacturing town surrounding it. I say surrounding it, because the cathedral stands in the center of the town, all the principal streets radiate from it, all the tramway and omnibus lines start from it, and nearly all the places of amusement or diversion are in the neighborhood of it. Milan was doubtless a considerable city before the Romans took it and dubbed it Mediolanum. In the Middle Ages, when it contained a population of 300,000, it was destroyed by Frederick Barbarossa. Here it was that afterwards the Visconti and the Sforzas reigned; here the Spaniards held their court; here Austria lorded it over Italy until 1848. Everymust be familiar with its wondrous cathedral and its 100 Gothic turrets and 2,000 marbles statues; everybody must know that next to St. Peter's and the cathedral of Seville this is the largest church in Europe. But what of that? Mount the narrow stone staircase in the wall and gain the top of the dome and what do you see? That the 100 turrets are a maze of ginger-bread elaborations, that the 2,000 statues are a wearisome parade of stonecutters' work, despicable from the artistic point of view, and worthless from the historical. You are amazed by the incredible labor, the vast expense, the enormous loss of time involved in this structure, whose only use could have been to amaze the curious and awe the ignorant. When you look from the dome over the luxuriant plains that surround Milan in every direction you can scarcely resist groaning when you reflect how many millions of these acres must have contributed year after year and century after century to erect this vast pile of curiously carved granite; how many myriads of peasants must have toiled and expired in order that the 2,000 statues should be born.

Every one of these mediocrities is in stone and must have cost the lives of at least ten human beings. And all for what? There are, some pictures, and statutes, and stones within; there are some candles burning; there is a woman praying, whose voice would reach as high from a plainer building; there is a vender of photographs, a begging guide and a wretch who offers to "show you around" to the vile sink-holes of Milan. Methinks the 2,000 statues, if they could, would often smile at the folly of the men who made them and perished in order that they (the statues) might remain immortal. Yet they, too, in time, must pass away. Already the winds have blown the limbs off of many of them: already others have lost their noses in the rain; while others again have dropped a toe or an ear upon the unlucky pedestrian in the street below. And long after they have been reduced to the shapeless material from which they were wrought will the fields which they now turn their sightless eyes upon continue fresh, and green, and productive, and the trees wave their tall tops in the air and the birds sing upon their branches, as though no turreted cathedral had ever reared its head above them to mock the sky.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

## Greenland Vegetables.

In Greenland attempts have been made to raise some of the common plants of European gardens. At the Danish station of Godthaab (latitude 64 degrees), close to the open sea, turnips, radishes, lettuces, and parsley are almost the only plants that can be cultivated with success. The turnip, indeed requires a favorable summer to produce anything like tolerable specimens. The cabbages are scarcely worthy of the name; but at two inland stations up the fjord, about thirty miles north of Godthaab, the climate is strikingly different. Here, Dr. Rink informs us, turnips always come to perfection, carrots prosper well and attain a fair size, and cabbages, though unable to develop thick stalks, yet produce tolerably large leaves, which the provident Danes stow away for winter use. Attempts have been made to cultivate potatoes, but the tubers never attain a size larger than marbles, and are only grown and eaten as curiosities. Under the most favorable circumstances, green peas only produce shells in which the peas are barely recognizable. This is within the Arctic circle, or at least on its immediate borders. In South Greenland—the site of the old Norsemen's settlements—horticulture is practiced under more favorable circumstances. At some of the posts, in about the same latitude as Christiania, good carrots have been produced, and in a forcing frame strawberries have grown well and yielded fruit for several years, but they afterward died, owing probably to the severity of the climate. At Julianshaab turnips often attain a weight of more than half a pound, and are fit for table in the middle of July. Radishes are fit to be eaten in the middle of June. Rhubarb grows pretty vigorously, and can be raised from seeds. Green cabbage attains a good size, but never the normal taste and pungency of the vegetable. At Jakobshavn, in 69 degrees, 13 minutes, our good friend Dr. Pfaff used to raise a few radishes, and the locality being sheltered, the tiny patch of earth on the rocks, which in that remote place passed for a garden, produced "crops" almost as luxuriant as Godthaab in the South.—*Countries of the World.*

—An English architect asserts that houses can be made of timber which will last longer than brick or stone. In many plaster are in daily use that were built 500 years ago.

## Evening Up the Yield of Crops.

It has been said of men who live upon and farm poor land, that they should go about the premises always having gypsum in one pocket and clover seed in the other. There is a meaning in this expression broader than is conveyed by its mere literal interpretation. Acting upon this idea it is well to look over one's fields as crops have matured and see the extent to which defective places have failed to yield a paying return. A very significant hint is furnished by the yield upon a given portion of the field, of oats that make short sheaves, or corn that grows to a short stature and bears nubbins only. The same may be said of thin spots in the pasture or meadow, and of low places where water stands. The significance of carrying gypsum in one pocket and clover seed in the other, is brought out by the scanty bearing knoll, while in the instance of a sag in the land the decreased yield is not due to defective nutriment in the soil, but to too much water about the roots of growing crops. It is a fact, that crops can not be grown successfully upon food highly diluted and chilled by being held in solution in cold water, just as it is true that animals can not be fattened upon food similarly diluted and given in such way as to keep the digestive and assimilative organs at too low a temperature. Concentrated, undiluted food is required to build up the tissue of animals and make them firm withal, while to underdraining we must look for the removal of the diluted and chilled state in which the sustenance of plants is held in these wet sags upon the farm.

We may call this "evening up the yield." If in a team working together, one horse is in good flesh and another in thin condition, no even, fair execution of work is expected till the thin horse is fed up and made effective. In the case of these uneven yields, the plan of leaving land to lie over, "fallowing," as it is termed, is not practicable, for perhaps nine-tenths of the field will be amply productive with one-tenth only at fault. Now that the crops have given evidence of the local shortcomings, drive a stake where these evidences have appeared, and through liberal loads of manure in the one case and tapping the water accumulation from beneath in the other, it will be fair to expect next season's yield will be, in a measure at least, "evened up." No one need be at a loss and think he must call in a chemist to analyze the soil in these cases of spotted crops, as they may well be termed. As a rule, crops themselves make a better analysis of the land—and this is true of the whole field as well as of defective spots—than any chemist can, showing the evidences above, around in the one case, in the stunted, pale-colored growth, and in the other, in the luxuriant, wide-spreading, deep-tinted plant. The same rule can wisely be applied to a field spotted in the manner named, as to a collection of farm animals under the feeding process. Among these will be individuals that should be singled out from the main herd, and fed in a special manner, upon rich foods. Now it is known to pretty much all farmers that, continuously, from year to year, the crops are what we here term spotted, and that this comes from the cause named. It takes the highest skill in breeding and feeding to keep up a uniform state of flesh and appearance in a herd; and a herd not so kept looks uneven and unsightly, yet not more so than the fields whose yields are not kept evened up.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

## Hurdle Feeding.

We are asked by a correspondent if hurdle feeding is practical in Iowa in sheep husbandry. In answer we would say that it is practical anywhere, where the hurdles can be had, but in most portions of the West, under our present system of agriculture, it is not necessary. Hurdle feeding is in some respects like soiling in its effects. It gives the grass of the portions of the field from which the hurdles are removed a chance to grow undisturbed. No doubt it is economical as compared to pasturing a whole field at a time. In those sections where land is not so plenty and cheap as it is in many parts of the West, it is a good thing. But in the West we shall never get down to such economy as hurdle feeding embodies until our farms are smaller in size, and it is more trouble for us to get along than it now is. The system does away with the necessity of a very large amount of fencing, and that in itself would be a very desirable accomplishment. But there must be thorough reform before fences can be dispensed with. While a part of the community would as soon that their stock would run in the highways as to have them decently taken care of, everybody else must be to the serious expense of fencing against such a sock. Hence, we must have fences; and, consequently, one of the great reasons for adopting the hurdle system is inoperative. If we were all farming closely, that is, if we were striving to make every acre under our control produce the most that it possibly could produce; if we were determined to have nothing about the farm that was not utilized, a hundred rods of hurdle fencing would prove to be a very valuable addition to the farm. With such a fence it would make no difference where or what a piece of pasture was, it could be utilized if we wished to utilize it. A piece of stubble or aftergrowth could be very readily inclosed, and hurdles could be removed, until as one advocate of the system puts it, every part of the field has been pastured, and the grass turned into meat and wool. The hurdle is especially convenient with sheep. They are not difficult to confine, and they may be confined until not only the grass of a certain spot is eaten, but also until they have fed close enough to destroy all the weeds.

As to the form of a hurdle fence anything will answer that can be set up, and will confine the sheep after it is set up. Many men could devise a fence without much cost that would answer the purpose. There are hurdles that are placed upon rollers and are rolled from place to place, as the sheep need a change of pasture. Of course this is the most convenient, and it is said that their additional cost is not very great. But of this we do not know of our own knowledge. Alderman Mechi, of London, made use of an iron hurdle placed upon wheels. This was very durable. A hurdle made of iron was in use upon Mr. Mechi's farm for thirty years or more. But it cost six dollars and thirty cents per rod, and that would rule it out in this country. We can conceive no circumstances, however, at present, under which we should think that hurdle feeding was necessary in Iowa.

But we will say, while speaking upon this subject, that it is a method well worthy of adoption upon poor and worn out farms. If the *Rural* has among its Eastern readers any who are on such farms, we invite the attention to the value of small flocks of sheep upon such farms, and would recommend the hurdle as being a good means of making the feeding of sheep more practical on the average farm of that character. When a field has been long cultivated, and has in consequence been reduced to what we call a worn-out condition, it is frequently very difficult to get it seeded down, unless the application of manure is very generous. But poor farms do not have much manure, and the owners of such farms are likely not to have much money with which to buy manure. But sheep will manufacture the necessary fertilizer directly on the spot and pay for the privilege of doing it. A field could be sown to oats and then pastured by the sheep, which, if they had a small grain ration, would make good growth and fertilize the field at the same time. Some of our best known Eastern flockmasters have had great success in bringing up exhausted farms in this way. The sheep may be fed as generously as we can afford to feed them, and it has been demonstrated that they will pay for all the grain and labor, besides fertilizing the land. These exhausted farms are usually small, varying from fifty to a hundred acres. They would not support much of a flock and the hurdle would be a necessity. But all the sheep that they will support ought to be put on them. There are hundreds of farms in the East and South that can be bought for little that could be brought into a good state of cultivation.—*Western Rural.*

## Prevailing Fashions.

Bonnets are worn smaller, hats larger.

Round turbans appear for early fall wear.

Sleeves are to be worn lower on the shoulders.

Moliere fronts of all kinds are ignored by women of fashion.

Ornaments of embroidery and beads will be used for dress decorations.

Velvet leaves veined and edged with gold will be used for bonnet trimmings.

Fur or feather border mixed incongruously with lace will trim velvet wraps.

Small figures will doubtless be preferred for dresses, but for cloakings there are large detached flowers.

Plaids of subdued colors in new combinations are shown in twilled and in ottoman wools for children's dresses.

Stripes are largely imported and will be used for parts of dresses. Bayadere stripes are also among the new goods.

A new shade in cloth is called "Gordon-blue," and the bright greens are "Little Duke" green, and the cresson green already noted.

Black braid is used on woolen dresses in Gordon-blue, cresson and gray shades, but for the various brown shades, brown of another tone is used.

Theatre bonnets are made of black lace trimmed with deep red roses, or white lace ornamented with tea roses. These bonnets have no strings.

Small bonnets of currant-red velvet have been sent from Paris, very stylishly finished with fine gold lace, and long slender gold pins; no other trimming.

Kensington cloths have new embroideries this season; instead of being arranged as borders are now in sprays and sprigs blocked off in squares, or in lengthwise strips.

Bustles will remain large, and the bow drapery, which consists of a width of the material tied in two broad loops and two ends fastened to the back of the round corsage will also be worn.

In dress trimmings it is considered "chic" to have the sides of the skirt different. A single broad stripe of trimming may be down the left side, from belt to foot, while the right side is covered by a low Greek drapery.

Round waists will be worn with or without a belt. Some corsages will be round in the back,—cut off at the waist line—while the front may be pointed or a regular basque, or lengthened into a polonaise. The effect either way is stylish.

There is a fancy to put all the trimming on one part of the costume, and leave the rest plain. For instance, a brown wool dress will have red or blue bands of graduated width woven around it, and this contrast will not be seen on the basque or drapery.

Velvet will be the popular trimming for the pretty chapeaux during the early fall season, and the fashionable colors are red, dark green, brown or mulberry. The garniture will be grapes, small peaches, walnuts, wheat mixed with poppies and golden rod.

The Sansparell poplins brought out for the early trade, exhibit some of the characteristics of the old-time Irish poplins, but are decidedly finer in quality and softer in texture. They have lustrous surface finish, which renders them particularly desirable for handsome costumes, and come in all the new tones of favorite colors. The browns, made up with velvet trimmings, form a rich, lady-like costume.

Velveteen is a marvel as at present produced, and will largely supersede velvet for all the purposes for which the latter is used. The "Nonpareil" remains the popular brand, and comes in all the new choice colors of the season. The green shades, the various blue and garnet tints, are especially handsome, and it is with difficulty that an expert can detect the rich black "Nonpareil" at $2 a yard from silk velvet at $10.

A pretty fancy for low bodices is a group of finely plaited crepe lisse, which is closed at the throat by a high band of velvet. This modest little accessory is very nice for women who have not plump necks. Another a bievement is a bit of black or maroon velvet fastened in front with a silver, steel, or gold clasp. Necklaces of satin in a becoming color, and fastened with similar clasps, are a French fancy pretty for young girls.

Paris comes forth with a very high novelty in her millinery department, in the shape of a bonnet of black lace, with a lace mantilla drapery which falls from the head to the waist, and is artistically disposed about the shoulders. High-crowned black lace hats are seen with this appendage, with a lace mob holding the mantilla on the left side. The effect is Spanish, and graceful in the extreme when worn by the right person in the right way.

A novelty in neck trimmings comes to us from Paris that is neat, pretty and simply made. It is a double ruche and puff of white muslin with small colored dots. Get a half yard of the muslin, cut it in bias strips, and run the edges together; then pick out the top to make it take the round puff shape desired. A second strip, treated in the same way, is let inside the first and shows in a narrow line above it. Both puffs are then sewed to a little band, and are ready to tack into the collar of the dress. This is fresh and soft about the throat and has the advantage of being new.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—Sitka, Alaska, has a mild climate. During fifty years of Russian observations the mercury fell below zero only four times. The winters are mild and steady. The rain-fall is heavy.

## Cloudy Chemistry.

Those who write on agricultural chemistry for the farm papers, or talk in public, should at least be familiar enough with the science to write and talk correctly—and the reporters, if themselves ignorant of the subject, should get the speakers whom they report to prepare their own abstracts of what they say, for perhaps it is sometimes the reporter who is to blame for the remarkable chemistical feasts with which we are occasionally regaled. To illustrate: A speaker at a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural society is made to say that "nitrogen is not plant food, but a solvent;" all of which is sheer nonsense, except the final statement that nitrogen is not plant food.

At another meeting of the same well known society, the same speaker is reported to have said that "in the cellular structure of plants every cell is enveloped in a tissue composed of nitrogen"—which is about as close a tissue of error, botanical and chemical, as could well be crowded into so small a space. Again, he speaks of the excellent effect of coal ashes in extracting nitrogen from filthy waters, the nitrogen turning first into ammonia, then into nitric acid, and then into soluble nitrates which wash away. Verily, the days of the old alchemists must be coming again, if one substance can be "turned into" another in this style; and all this appears in one of Boston's best known papers.

Now what is this nitrogen, about which so much is said and written for the farmer's benefit in these days when so many more farmers think that such things are worth reading about than in days when we older men were small boys? It is a perfectly inactive and harmless gaseous substance it makes up almost four-fifths of the air that we breathe; its evident purpose there is to tone down the action of the oxygen which makes up the remaining one-fifth; and it serves this purpose just because it is so utterly without any effect on even the most delicate tissue or sensitive fluid of plant or animal; and that is what is said to make waters filthy!

To talk "nitrogen clouds" in the upper part of the atmosphere, washed down by rains, is an absurdity. Clouds in our atmosphere are due to the condensation of water, which also in a gaseous and invisible form is always present there, into a visible form by a fall in temperature; no fall in temperature that is even within man's power to bring about by artificial means, very much less any fall naturally occuring in the air, can make a cloud out of nitrogen. Again, there is no more nitrogen where the clouds are than at the surface of the earth; and even if there were it would not be washed down by the rains, because rainwater can at the most take up only a very little of it; and even if it were washed down it would be of no use to the farmer.

Nitrogen is what chemists know as an elementary substance, since by no operation, however powerful that they can subject it to, can they break it up or decompose it into two or more other substances unlike itself. In this free, elementary state, it has not, so far as our positive knowledge extends at present, any agricultural significance or use whatever for the production of crops. Though it can not be broken up into new substances, it can be made to join in chemical combination with other elementary substances, such as hydrogen, oxygen or carbon, etc., and form the compound substances so often named in agricultural chemical writing, ammonia, nitric acid or nitrates, protein or albuminoids, nitrogenous matters and so on.

In these conditions nitrogen is of the utmost agricultural importance, and becomes more and more useful to the farmer, just in proportion as he knows how to handle it make it serve his purpose. In the form of animal refuse, or other waste nitrogeneous matters all of which are mostly wasted protein or albumino ds, or in the shape of nitrates or ammonia compounds, he uses it to make his crops grow; in the protein of his crops he uses it to make meat or milk; and finally when he can work up its compounds no further, that is when he has got as much of it as possible back from the wasted protein of his manure into the protein or albuminoids of the grain or milk, wool or meat that he sells, he would find on going into the chemistry of the matter that this nitrogen constitutes the chief, or at least a very important part, of the money value of these finished products of his farm.

Chemical decompositions and recombinations, or this chemical play coming together in some form or combination with each other, and brought about by the power of the sun in the presence of a certain degree of moisture is the very foundation of crop production. It begins with sprouting of seed or tuber, or any other waking up of plant activity in spring, and does not stop for an instant till the crop is harvested; and then, even, it may continue to a feeble extent, but the less the better. If it was possible that the carbon, oxygen, hydrogen or nitrogen should suffer even but a very small alteration in the chemical properties, by which the sun would lose any of his power over its combinations, a disastrous disturbance in crop production might follow, worse than any effect of drought or invasion of insect pest or disease.

The farmer is really the intelligent agent for bringing these chemical compounds together under such conditions of sunshine and soil that this great chemical work can go on. Agricultural chemistry is the science that attempts to learn all about the character of this work, and how best to make it move on vigorously and successfully to the end; if acquaintance with any science can be useful to the agriculturist, certainly this can be. Like every science, this one must have its own peculiar names for the things it deals with, and its own peculiar statements as to what things are and how they behave; a correct knowledge of the meaning of these names, and of the first principles of the science is the very beginning of a farmer's chemical wisdom; and any one who utters such misleading agricultural chemical nonsense as that quoted above, or without a protest allows such to be reported as his utterances, does the cause for which he is supposed to be working more harm than good.—*Dr. G. C. Caldwell, in N. Y. Tribune*

—There is a little Shoshone papoose at Tu-carora, Nev., only four years of age and not much larger than a pickle jar, who evinces wonderful aptitude for molding images out of mud and clay. His mother was engaged at a washtub outside of a house the other day, and from the mud caused by the sloppings, the little savage molded a deer and a horse, which were almost perfect in contour and form.—*Denver Tribune.*

—Between six and seven hundred dwellings are burned every month in this country.—*N. Y. Sun.*